

# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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## GOOD TEMPLAR'S COLUMN.

### To the Voters of Lincoln County:

We have shown the whisky trade to be detrimental to every interest of our people—financial, social, political and moral. It is presumed there is not one voter within the county who does not believe it to be such. Why then will any one cast his vote to perpetuate the retail of whisky, knowing at the same time, it is to be the greatest evil under which this country groans? Why will men vote for that which they know to be wrong? We propose, in this paper, to furnish some answers to this question; but before doing so, it is proper to make some general statements on the science of government.

Civil government, in our sense, is of divine origin, and carries with it divine obligations. "The powers that be, are ordained of God." The civil officer or "ruler" is the minister of God to those for whom he labors not the sword in vain, "for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." The fact of the Divine origin and obligations of civil government, is beyond question. But what is the best form of that government depends upon the intellectual and moral status of the people to be governed. This proposition none will deny.

The same form of government would not be best for every people. Modes are hardly prepared for a republican government. Spain, France and Mexico are experimenting and subjecting their people to the ordeal which will demonstrate their ability or inability for self-government. What is it, then, that is to determine the best form of government for a given people? What is that political solvent that will certainly indicate the best form of government for which a people is prepared? It is the intelligence and virtue of the people? If these are in the ascendant, a republic may live; if not, it will certainly die.

Now, then, no one could well deny that the whisky trade obstructs intelligence, and destroys virtue in the ratio of its extent. Therefore, it is the duty of every philanthropist and patriot to seek the legal prohibition of that which is detrimental to the public good, and destructive of republican government.

If, then, prohibition is not obtained by law, the reason for such failure will not be that the people, in the main, were not apprised of the evil fruits of the whisky trade. The people do know these evil results. Why, then, will some oppose prohibition, and others refuse to vote on the question? We write for candid earnest men, and only ask the impartial reader of our answers to the above question. The prohibition of the retail of whisky will be opposed for many reasons. The ability to discern all these reasons is not claimed by us; nor do we presume to be able, by our answers, to cover all the reasons men may have for opposing prohibition. We can only do our best; very different reasons will influence different men to oppose the prohibitory law. Let no one accept one sentence we write that is not true to facts. Let truth only prevail.

Since, then, different men will vote against a prohibitory whisky law, for different reasons the opposers of such a law are naturally divided into different classes, and we are guided into the arrangement of these classes only by what little knowledge we possess of the laws governing man's moral nature and our limited observation.

Let it be reasonable to suppose that most persons, who have been distillers, will vote against the prohibitory law; and why? For the reason that every man wants to appear to be consistent. If it is not wrong to make it, it is not wrong to sell it! They feel that to vote against whisky-selling would condemn their own former business of whisky-making! And hence, not having lost their first love, it is reasonable to expect some of this class to oppose a change in the whisky law, on the ground of consistency to principle, and proclaim it a precious "jewel."

2d. Those who are distillers at present may reasonably be expected to oppose prohibition. Every man desires that the business in which he is engaged shall be recognized as respectable and legitimate. It is known how very potent money is in conferring respectability upon its possessor. Distilling derives a pseudo respectability from the enormous amount of capital invested in it. Hence, men derive immense comfort and courage from the commercial and social position secured to them by the high consideration usually accorded to the possessor of money. Under the pressure of this monetary influence, the conscience is made to bend or break, and the whisky-maker secures at least partial recognition for his trade, on the ground that he "makes money too." Every feeling of pride of character is enlisted to influence the distiller to vote against the prohibitory law. It is reasonable to count him in favor of whisky.

3d. Some may vote in favor of whisky through fear of losing trade or custom in this particular business; especially may this be true in a community where the whisky vote is largely in the majority. Whenever the conviction obtains that there is much to lose and nothing to gain by voting against the whisky interests, such a vote may not reasonably be expected. Nevertheless there are noble examples of indefatigable devotion to truth and right, amid the combined influences of a subsidized majority.

4th. Those who make a profit by the sale of whisky may reasonably be expected to vote in favor of the law that legalizes the trade. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." Hence the sympathies of those who sell whisky, are supposed, in the main, to be against the temperance cause. We have heard of some noble exceptions. May their number daily increase. On the other hand, it is apprehended that efforts will be made to carry the vote of the county in favor of whisky, by the unlawful use of whisky. These suspicions may be groundless. It is hoped they are. Should such efforts be made, however, let the voters of Lincoln consider well the character and magnitude of such an evil. What a would be the real significance of such an effort? About this:—There is a man (white or colored) whose reason and sense of right would lead him to vote against the whisky trade, but if reason can be destroyed, and his sense of right consumed by the fires of the maddening cup, he will, under such an influence, readily yield his mind and cast his vote in favor of whisky, and consequently in favor of all the crimes and vices that flow from the use of whisky. It is made to cast a vote, under the influence of whisky, which he would not have done in the exercise of that reason and conscience with which God endowed him. Would not this be the destruction of all "rights" conferred upon man, human and Divine?

If reason and conscience are to be subjugated in order to secure the vote, there are not the dearest and most sacred rights known to free government, crushed beneath the tyrant's power? If he, whom the law declares free (be he white or black), and competent to exercise the blood-bought elective franchise, may be drugged with whisky until he is bereft of reason and conscience, and caused to vote for that which secures his own degradation, then is law but a shadow, and free government a miserable farce without the ghost of reality.

Voters of Lincoln! as you love liberty and the sacredness of your own hearthstone—by the immortal love you bear for your country, your children and your God, record your vow in Heaven that, as long as life shall last, you will resist, by all honorable and lawful means, the use of whisky in controlling elections. Let the solemn resolve be made, and the decree go forth—Whisky shall not control our elections! We have all the elements of a speedy and glorious triumph. Victory is certain, and "the world will bless our progress in the work we have to do, abating the battlevy of freedom."

5th. There may be some holding of office, and others expecting one day to become candidates for office, who may vote on the wrong side through mistake, or some may refuse to vote on the question, not feeling certain on which side their interests do lie. Of course all church-members will vote their honest sentiments, and preachers, inpeccable beings as they are, "can not sin"—of course not. But for the information of all doubters as to the success of the temperance cause, let it be known now, once for all, that the temperance army in Kentucky is increasing rapidly every day. At this writing nearly one thousand Lodges stand pledged for life. The order of Good Templars is a perpetual body. Already it has traveled the circuit of the world. The R. W. G. Lodge in God for the righteousness of the cause of temperance, and looking to him for aid, the friends of this cause have determined to succeed. Success now, is only a question of time.

6th. Are any candidates now before the people engaged in using whisky to secure their election? We know not. We see but little of them, know but little, but facts will be known wherever they exist. A Government that will tolerate the use of whisky by candidates for political office, to secure their election, is so far the very worst conceivable despotism. The layonet and the sword are for neither and better masters. The heartless reign of a Nero, over the property and lives of his christian subjects was more tolerable than is the demagogical cruelty inflicted by whisky upon its subjects. Nero could only destroy the body. Whisky perverts reason, judgment and conscience, blinds the whole man, body, soul and spirit, with its elms, and duns its victim to a life of mental and moral degradation. A republic can have no worse enemy than him who destroys the morals of her people, and unites them for every duty, by the use of whisky, in order to secure his own election. The strong arm of the law ought to arrest him as a public enemy, and cause him to realize that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

W. L. W.

### Prohibitory Liquor Law.

An Act to prohibit the sale of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors in Lincoln county, and to take a vote on the same. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:

SECTION 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to sell spirituous, vinous or malt liquors in Lincoln county, in less quantities than one barrel, when the liquor sold is whisky, or when the liquor sold is wine, beer or ale; provided, That druggists may, upon the written prescription of a regular physician, for medicinal purposes, sell liquors in small quantities which prescriptions shall be kept in file by the druggist, subject to inspection by any one feeling him or herself injured by the sale of liquors by druggists.

SECTION 2. That before this act takes effect, so as to prevent the sale of liquors, the Judge of the Lincoln county court shall, upon the petition of one hundred citizens of said county, cause a vote to be taken at all the voting places in said county, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the qualified voters as to whether or not they are in favor of the provisions of the 1st Section of this act; and a majority of the voters at said election are in favor of the provisions of the 1st Section of this act, then, and not before, shall said Section be in force.

SECTION 3. That any person violating the provision of this act shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred dollars for each offence, upon indictment by a Grand Jury of said county, and verdict of a Standing Jury.

SECTION 4. That the election provided for by this act shall be held by the officers authorized by law to hold elections for State purposes, under the same rules and regulations provided, That the sheriff of said county shall give at least twenty days' notice of such election by printed advertisements posted at all the voting places in said county.

SECTION 5. This act shall take effect from its passage.

JAMES B. McCREARY,  
Speaker of the House of Reps.

JOHN G. CARLISLE,  
Speaker of the Senate.

Approved April 19, 1873.

By the Governor.

G. W. CRADDOCK,  
Secretary of State.

COUNTY OF FRANKLIN, Ky.

I, G. B. CRADDOCK, Secretary of State, certify that the foregoing is a true and perfect copy of an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, passed at its January Adjournment, 1873, entitled "An act to prohibit the sale of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors in Lincoln county, and to take a vote on the same." Approved April 19, 1873, as appears from the original enrolled bill on file in my office.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of my office, Done at Frankfort, on this Twelfth day of June, A. D. eighteen hundred and seventy-three, and in the 25th year of said commonwealth.

G. B. CRADDOCK,  
Secretary of State.

By W. H. BOWEN, Assistant Secretary.

67-11

A RE-FARMING MAN, who has recently married, gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which we think will put some of the "society" papers to the blush: "My wife is just as handsome a creature as ever left the millinery dry-dock, is clipper built, and with a figure head not often seen on small craft. Her length of keel is five feet eight inches, over all five feet eleven inches, displaces twenty-seven feet of cubic air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball-room; full in the waist, spare trim. At the time we were married she was newly rigged, fore and aft, with staid rigging of lace and flowers, mainmast part silk, with forestay-sail of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best steel, covered with silk, with whalebone stanchions. This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of stern sails or rough weather, and is rigged out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are liable to occur at this latitude sooner or later. I am told in running down the river before the wind, she answers the helm beautifully, and can turn around in her own length if a housewife craft passes her."

Why are we led to infer that David and Joshua were temperate men? Because David, when he went out to meet Goliath on the field of honor, "took a drink" and Joshua, previous to his attack on the walls of Jericho, "took a horn," and gave a regular blow.

## BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

GENTLEMAN BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My dearest duck, my sweetest girl, I love you most sincerely; I'd rather own this sunny curl Than win a fortune rarely; This little hand, so soft and white, Was only made for kisses; This little form, so frail and light, Was made for gossamer dresses.

I'll keep my Kate a span of years, Attending to her pleasure, And poems, bound in gulf and blue, I'll order for my treasure. Her lips shall be but one sweet dream Of love and sunny weather, No adverse wave shall cross the stream Of wedded bliss forever.

### AFTER MARRIAGE.

You always talk of plays and balls, And are forever flitting, And scribbling rhymes and making calls, And never make up shirting; You smile on every whippersnapper, You chase all dilly fashions; You bustle in jewels, flaunt in lace, And show your angry passions!

The baby's left to cry and moan, I've never a decent dinner; You drag me out, you call me down— I'm a hen-pecked sinner, And just as I tell you so! Madam, your folly's ended, You shall not flirt and go—go— I'm weary and offended, I'm going in a sailing-boat— I'll join a club thereafter— So—mood your manners—stay at home, And dry your eyes with laughter.

### LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

I feel a very solemn sense Of all a woman's duty, To keep within the domestic fence, Unmindful of her beauty; To share husband's grief and care, But, in his shadow walking, Content to rule her own affairs, Be content when he is talking.

Tis plain our maker did not design That woman should be humble; Not given to look on dressing fine, Which makes them feet and grumble, Those needs are perilous things, To feed imagination; All filled with angels' scorn wings— To no, they are vexation. Dear William, as your wedded wife I never mean to tease you, My aim and sole aim through my life Shall only be to please you!

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Bill, come down stairs, I know you can, The baby has the colic; The way you shirk your duties, man, Is truly disabling; The nurse has such a blundering way She cannot stop her crying, And as for me I'm lonely all day Till I'm almost dying.

And I run and bring my velvet nosegay, My parson and his money, I'm going to Meers, Black, The printers, with a conical; I have no time to write nor read— But while he tends the baby, You, Sarah, take this book with speed Across to Mrs. Mayle; Ask her to lend me Hugo's last In exchange for Love's Pilgrimage— There, Bill, don't rock so horrid fast— You'll wake my darling Emma!

### The Weather Hints.

"A remark or two on eating or drinking in hot weather will be in season. Green vegetables, properly cooked, are certainly healthful in warm weather; but it is a mistake to think that meat should be excluded from summer diet. The hotter the weather the more the system wastes, and therefore, the more we must supply."

"In order to keep the body in a healthy condition, meat should be eaten at least once a day in summer time. It would be well to vary this programme by taking one meal of fish on every other day. Fat should be dispensed as much as possible. A very little good butter with your fresh radishes at breakfast, is as much fat as necessary."

"When weary, or cold, or warm, or exhausted, we drink in preference to eating, because we feel the effect instantaneously; while after eating the most substantial food, we do not feel the effect for some time."

When exhausted, and when immediate relief is necessary, the best drinks are broth, chocolate, milk, or water sweetened with sugar. It is more than a mistake to drink wines or liquor at such a time, it is really committing slow suicide."

"When only thirsty, without exhaustion, we ought to drink cold water with a teaspoon. When thirsty and heated, the best thing to do is to dip the hands in cold water, deep enough to cover the wrists; then dip a towel in the water, and lay it on the forehead, and then drink cold water with a teaspoon. A few drops of vinegar or lemon juice may be added to the water. If exceedingly hot keep your hands in the water and a towel on your forehead for at least a moment after drinking."

## THE WHOOPING COUGH.

Something Mothers Will Appreciate.

When our children came down with the whooping cough the other day, wife and I did not mind it much at first. But I am satisfied now that the whooping cough is no joke. Wife asked Mrs. Higginson, a dear old despot of catnip tea and balm, what was good for whooping-cough?

"Children got it?" she inquired. "Terribly," replied Mrs. L. "Dear little hearts!" ejaculated the kind lady. "They couldn't have it in a better time. Jes let 'em have a little lickerish to eat, and they'll get over it lively."

This made wife and me glad. Three weeks of the best time to have whooping-cough in have gone by, and our little ones are still wrestling with the disease. We comfort ourselves with the belief that the "good time" can't last much longer, and that little Johnny, who has got it the worst, is certainly going to "get over it lively."

For a fortnight wife and I have not slept a wink. It is not a trifling task to take good care of seven children when they are all afflicted simultaneously with the whooping-cough. They will kick the clothes off, The thought has come ever me with singular force frequently during the last fortnight, as I have stumbled around to the various crises in the night time, with a bottle of peevish one hand and a glass of ice-water in the other, that, in the language of the poet, "this world's a wilderness, a vale of tears, as it were. My shines are beautifully variegated in blue, purple and yellow tints, according to the dates of the bruises. I notice that jans on the shin follow a regular law. When you first fall over the chair the place looks red and irritated; then it changes to a dark azure; by Wednesday a little purple begins to be mixed in around the edges; and finally it assumes a saffron tinge. I watched the development of this law with much interest, till the bruises got too much confused to date them accurately. My cast skin now bears a striking resemblance to an old map of the United States, with the Chicago fire, "showing the burnt district" just below the knee, and the Boston fire a little lower down. The most discouraging thing, though, about a tour through the whooping-cough—that is, when it's a good time to have it—is the joy with which all your friends seem to be inspired, when you tell them, with a haggard look, that all your children are down with it. Mine is a heart that naturally craves sympathy. I yearn for it. But not since my wedding day, eight years ago, have I been congratulated so much as I have since my seven children took the whooping-cough. Every time I go home to my dinner I tell Samantha of some good friend I have met, and who says "there never was a better time to have the whooping-cough." Samantha sheds a sickly smile, struggles a little, and tries to look encouraged. Just about this time Johnnie explodes, grabs his little waistband, all the rest up to a whoop, and for a moment my usual quiet home reminds one of a Mobo strong-hold. Then grandmother, "Aunt Jane," wife and I go back to the table again and talk it over, and wife says "Goodness knows, I'm glad the little dears can't catch it at any other season." And so on I struggled from day to day, the constant receipt of hearty congratulations that my children were so fortunate as to have the whooping-cough at this season of the year. Sometimes I think myself that few people are blessed with so many dear children and so much reasonable whooping-cough. And yet I am convinced that if the number of children in my family had been less, the whooping-cough might have got the best of us, even in this dear, delightful opportune whooping-cough time.

### Death of the Oldest Woman.

The oldest woman is dead here enough, this time, and the Newport (Ky.) Ledger gives this account of her: "On Sunday, Aunt Hagar, a colored woman, died in this county near Alexandria. She was probably the oldest person in the United States, being 122 years old, having been born on the 21st of March, 1751. She was a native of Virginia, and was brought to Kentucky at an early day of its settlement by Lewis Wilcoxon, whose wife was a sister of Ben Beall, the elder, grandfather of Ben Beall, the present circuit court of Campbell county. At the time of the old woman's death she was living in the care of a colored man named Anthony Lee. She died of old age. For the last twenty years she has been blind, but in other respects possessed all her faculties to the last."

### Syracuse Husband's Put Pepper in their Wives' Eyes.

Syracuse husbands put pepper in their wives' eyes to keep them away from the circus. If the New York Herald "splinter" were doing this item he would remark that when a Syracuse wife was so treated it was interesting to see her eyes.

### Women should study to be smart, but never shrewish.

## DEPPEN'S

## CLOTHING HOUSE.

Corner Fourth and Market Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor. FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor. CUSTOM DEPARTMENT on First Floor.

Four Cutters in the Custom Department. Special Attention Paid to Orders from the Country.

### Advice to Marriageable Girls.

"Girls," said a worthy old lady to her grand-daughters, "whenever a fellow pops the question don't blush and stare at your feet. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and commence talking about the furniture. Young fellows are 'mighty nervous, sometimes. I lost several good chances before I caught your dear grandfather, by putting on airs, but I learned how to do it after a while."

A girl found the above in a newspaper and determined to act upon the suggestion contained therein. She had tried many other plans to capture the wary fazed-lipped youth and had failed: As a last desperate resort she would try the furniture business. So, when the young man whom she was angling for dropped in to see her the other evening she received him with smiles and lured him along in the conversation up to what she considered the popping point.

She held the bait temptingly before his eyes, and he opened his mouth and said:

"Angeline! I have long entertained feelings of the deepest regard for you. I have the greatest respect for your judgment, and I would ask you a question upon which much of my future happiness depends. Would you have me—"

He was interrupted. The girl threw herself across the room into his lap, and as she held him in an iron embrace, she stared into his eyes, rapidly voliterated: "Oh, yes—double bedstead—with all my heart—inlaid sofas—blue ypparior and kitchen sets—marble-topped cradle—and, ah!"

The astonished youth, partly recovering his senses, strove to pacify the excited girl and find out what was the matter with her.

As he soothed her she held tighter to him, and between her sighs whispered words of love and furniture. Suspecting that he had been misunderstood, the young man said:

"Angeline, calm yourself. You did not hear me through. I was about to ask you if you would have me—"

"Oh, yes—chair and—"

"Do listen a minute—would you have me marry Miss Gertrude B— of Glasgow, or Miss Emma P— of Lexington. You see I am undecided, and—"

Like a cat arising from a hot griddle that girl arose from off that fellow, and she poured hot epithets upon him like scalding water rushing from the mouth of a little on a dogs back.

Said she: "You consarned, insensate, idiotic green simpleton. What do you reckon I care who you marry, you fool? You lubberly, obtuse, unappreciative, mutton-headed, jack-ass!"

The stopped—he was gone.—Missouri Republican.

### A Cholera Incident of 1833.

Carlisle (Ky.) Mercury.

The following is an incident which occurred during the prevalence of the cholera in 1833, and narrated to us a few days since by a friend:

Mrs. Williams, then as now, a resident of Fleming county, was taken violently ill with the cholera. The disease seemed to have run the usual short and terrible course, and she was pronounced dead. Hurried preparations for the funeral were made, and the supposed corpse, dressed in the habiliments of the grave, was placed in the coffin, and the lid was being fastened down, when a feeble though distinct rap from within startled and arrested the attention of those present, and the coffin lid being removed, the fact was finally disclosed that Mrs. W. was still living. Proper restoratives were at once procured and applied, and Mrs. W. recovered and still lives, hale and hearty for one of her age.

Our informant has often heard the old lady speak of the occurrence and of the feeling she experienced—how, from the time she first discovered that the attendants regarded her as dead, she strove to give some sign of life to avert a live burial, and being wholly unable, when the fixing of the nails in her coffin, nerved her to a more determined, last desperate effort, which happily resulted as we have stated.

SHARON SPURGEON, which is at present thronged with fashionable visitors, is said to be one of the best places in the world for making matches, owing to the great quantity of sulphur with which the air is impregnated.—World.

ALEX is about to publish the letters from his American sweethearts.

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### A Conductor to be Trusted.

Chicago Tribune Letter.

One day, before Cornelius Vanderbilt obtained possession of the Hudson River railway, he was traveling, it is said, from here to Albany; and, considering himself a privileged character, went into the baggage car to smoke. He had been enjoying his cigar two or three minutes, when the conductor came along and informed him politely that he must not smoke there. Vanderbilt said that it would not make any difference—that it was all right, etc.; but the conductor was of a different opinion—declaring that it was contrary to the rules of the road. "You don't know me," said the speaker, "My name is Vanderbilt; I am sometimes called 'Granodora.' I generally do about as I please."

"I don't know, nor do I care who you are, Mr. Vanderbilt, I intend to obey the rules. If you were ten times a Commodore, I could not permit you to smoke here, and you must go elsewhere to finish your cigar."

The loyalty to duty displayed by the conductor pleased the ancient Cornelius, and he went out, though not before he had said to the conductor: "You are the right kind of a man for your place. You don't respect persons. I think of laying this road, and if I do, you can stay on it as long as you like."

Vanderbilt did buy the road, and retained the conductor. He frequently remarked that that man could be trusted; that he was never mistaken in judging of character; and that he knew, from the first, that the conductor was sound. The conductor stayed on the road for five years, and in that time, as the story goes, stole himself into a pecuniary independence.

So much for Vanderbilt's knowledge of character. Evidently the conductor knew Vanderbilt better than Vanderbilt knew the conductor.

### Taking Pills.

Danbury News.

The surfeiting we all undergo during this season of fruit brings into action the family pill-box. It is a little singular how much hunting has to be done to find that box. The party who last needed its services doesn't know where he left it, and doesn't care to think of it at all, while he whose turn now occurs isn't exactly tortured to death by anxiety. We are not quite sure but that there is a faint hope down somewhere in his breast that it may not be found at all. He feels lumps forming in his throat as he peers among the bottles and boxes which constitute the pharmacy at his house, and when the box finally appears, and he feels it in his hand, there is a sensation at the pit of the stomach as if somebody was trying to turn that organ over with an old brass candlestick. Some people swallow a dose of pills without a qualm, and after wards go round looking as proud and overbearing as a boy whose father plays in a band, but the most of us are more delicately constituted, and counting out a dose of pills while some one else gets the water, and observes that he doesn't see how any one can swallow the awful things, is about as serious an undertaking as can be found on record. There is something too awfully solemn about it to describe. And it is a little singular that while a man can swallow whole whortleberries, cherry pite, and even huckleberries without any uneasiness at all, yet a single pill will catch in his throat, at a particularly ticklish spot, and hang there four hours, and make faces at his stomach. And a man in a fix like that is not exactly the party we would select to connect molasses for a festival.

### RECEIPTS OF THE

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### OVER \$1,000 PER DAY.

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